

(13.)

To the PRIEST who officiates in the Name of Beelzebub, &c.

Memnon, though a stone, was counted vocal,
But 'twas the god, mean while that spoke all:
Rome has oft heard a cross haranguing
With PROMPTING PRIEST behind the hanging.
PRIOR.

—With disappointment, and disgrace,
Now gall'd, and stung, the B—s are left
To curse their stars, and vent their bellicose spite,
In all the strains which flow, from black despair,
And Rage — spontaneous.

Most tremendous and Reverend Priest!

IT has long been suspected that "*Beelzebub*," is the chief engineer of your party,—I am glad you have at last deigned to tell truth in reality, and made a public avowal of him.

You have done right in appealing to "*Blunder*," also; he has been so long retained by your party, that the "*Attingham Lad's*" writers are almost all blunderers.

The paper which states "*that the owner of the Great House, &c. wants two or three scribblers, who can dress up Spite, &c. under the best Garb, does not imply, that they are totally without Writers of that description.*"

It only implies, that though you have many of them, yet more are required to support your cause.

"In verity therefore we have exactly hit upon" the truth, and if we had any "*scurrilous scribblers*" you should be welcome to them,—the cause of Truth, and Freedom, require no such supporters.

But your cause, which was begun with falsehood, requires supporters who can carry it on in the same way.

In answer to Tommy Telltruth, I said, I had adopted his method of writing, because it does not require the labour of arguments, consisting merely of assertion without any degree of proof.

But it does not follow that "*all my assertions are without proof*," though I, in imitation of your manner of writing, withheld them: for I can at any time prove my assertions; while your assertions are destitute of every degree of probability.

"As times go, it is almost become necessary that we should retort a little in your own language. Therefore," for drawing a conclusion so illogical, I "*conclude*" that you really deserve to have your "*BUM*" well "*BRUSHED*."

"As to the signature of K. M. A." whether one of our "*Parsons*," gave it any interpretation or not, still there is no doubt but the contents of the papers with that signature, have been "*rubbed in your noses*," and that they are offensive both to your olfactory, and to your optic nerves.

It seems likely from your style of writing, that you were the writer who signed himself *Miso-Fidelis*.

I am happy therefore that among all your *Epithets* by which you have addressed a "*Pedagogue*" and others, you have no reason to apply to us the name of THIEF, nor of having received stolen goods, Mr. Parson.

We have not written any thing "*to be ashamed of*," nor have we occasion to "*father them on other people*:" however if that was the case, we should be ashamed to adopt you as father to the worst of them.

Among our *et cetera's*, we have no "*Pilfering Poets, Hired Scoundrels*," nor "*Masked Defamers*," nor do we envy you the Honour of being supported by "*Beelzebub*," the Prince of the Devils.

Our cause is founded on Truth, and Justice, and that being the case, we shall always expect to meet with enmity and opposition from BEELZEBUB and you.

Shrewsbury, March 4, 1796.

A. K. M.